

The Mirror

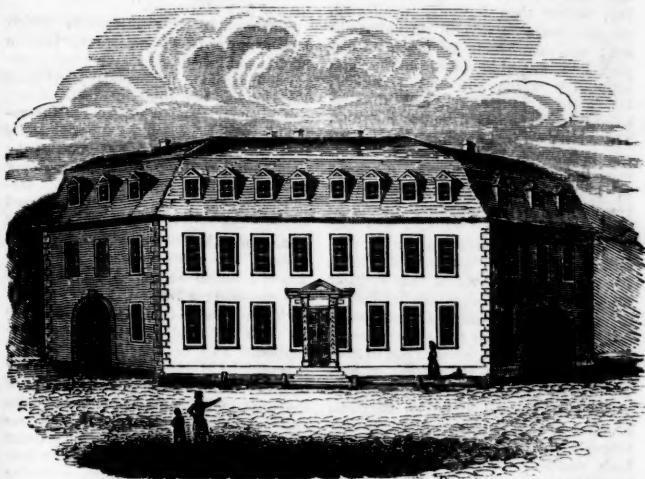
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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GOETHE'S HOUSE AT WEIMAR.

Our acknowledgment for the annexed sketch of the House of the illustrious author of "*Faust*" is due to Dr. Granville's volume of recent Travels. During his stay at Weimar, the Doctor enjoyed an interview with the Poet; his description of which, including a portrait of this great genius, is as follows :

I found a kind note from Madame Goethe, intimating that her father-in-law would see me at half past ten the following morning. There are forms which one must go through to see the great Patriarch. He likes not being taken by surprise; and whenever he has been so intruded upon, he has not appeared to advantage; has seemed confused, not much pleased, and niggard of his answers. He is, on the contrary, most amiable, all affability and playfulness, as when in his younger days, if visited by appointment. At his advanced age, which has now reached its seventy-ninth year, exposed to be stared at as a lion, and made frequently to pay the forfeit of his celebrity, by submitting to the impertinent intrusions

of the idle and the curious, it is no matter of surprise that Goethe should appear to have some *bizarrerie* in his manners.

At half past ten precisely, Goethe made his appearance in one of his classically decorated withdrawing rooms, into which I had been but the moment before introduced. He advanced towards me with the countenance of one who seems not to go through the ceremony of a first greeting *à contre cœur*; and I felt thankful to him for that first impression on my mind. His person was erect, and denoted not the advance of age. His open and well-arched eyebrows, which give effect to the undimmed lustre of the most brilliant eye I have ever beheld; his fresh look and mild expression of countenance, at once captivated my whole attention; and when he extended his friendly hand to welcome me to his dwelling, I stood absorbed in the contemplation of the first literary character of the age. The sound of his voice, which bespeaks peculiar affability, and the first questions

he addressed to me respecting my journey, however, recalled me from my reverie, and I entered at once into the spirit which presided at the interview, alike free from frivolity and haughty reserve. I found him in his conversation ready, rather than fluent; following, rather than leading; unaffected, yet gentlemanly; earnest yet entertaining; and manifesting no desire to display how much he deserved the high reputation which not only Germany, but Europe in general, had simultaneously acknowledged to be his due. He conversed in French, and occasionally in English, particularly when desirous to make me understand the force of his observations on some recent translations of one or two of his works into that language. Faustus was one of these. The translation, by the present noble Secretary for Ireland, (1827, Lord Francis Gower,) of that singular dramatic composition, which for beauty of style, and ingenuity of contrivance, leaves the old play of the same name by Marlowe far behind, seemed not to have given satisfaction to the veteran author. He observed to me, that most assuredly it was not a translation, but an imitation, of what he had written. "Whole sentences of the original," added he, "have been omitted, and chasms left in the translation, where the most affecting passages should have been inserted to complete the picture. There were probably difficulties in the original which the noble translator might not be able to overcome; few foreigners, indeed, can boast of such mastery of our prodigal idiom, as to be able to convey its meaning with equal richness of expression, and strength of conception, in their own native language; but, in the case of the translation to which I allude, that excuse for imperfection does not exist in many of the parts which Lord Francis Gower has thought proper to omit. No doubt, the choice of expressions in the English translation, the versification, and talent displayed in what is *original composition* of his lordship's own well-gifted mind, may be deserving of his countrymen's applause; but it is as the author of *Faustus travesti*, and not as the translator of Goethe's *Faustus*, that the popular applause has been obtained."

The patriarch poet seemed far more satisfied with the translation of another of his beautiful dramas, the *Tasso*, by M. Devaux. He said, "I understand English *à ma manière*, quite sufficiently to discover in that gentleman's recent translation, that he has rendered all my

ideas faithfully. *Je me lisois moi-même dans la traduction.* It is for the English to determine, if, in adhering faithfully to the ideas of the German original, M. Devaux a *conservé les règles et n'a pas trahi le génie de sa langue.* *Je n'en suis pas juge : peut-être le trouvera-t-on un peu trop Allemand."*

Throughout this interview, which lasted upwards of an hour, Goethe manifested great eagerness after general information, particularly respecting England and her numerous institutions; and also on the subject of St. Petersburg, which he looked upon as a city that was fast rising to the rank of the first capital on the Continent, according to the opinion of many intelligent travellers, whom he had seen and conversed with on the subject. In taking leave of him, at length, Goethe put into my hands a small red morocco case, which he hoped I would accept as a *souvenir* of our meeting; after which I withdrew, with sentiments of increased admiration for this celebrated man. The case contained two bronze medals, the one executed by Brandt of Berlin, the other by Bovy, and both represent the bust of the poet in bold relief, particularly the latter, which is decidedly of superior execution. The former, which bears on one side the portraits of the late Grand-duke and his consort, with the inscription "*CARL AUGUST UND LUISE GOETHE zum VII Novem. 1825,*" was struck by order of that prince, to commemorate the fiftieth year of Goethe's residence at his court, and was presented to the poet, a Counsellor and Minister of State, on the day mentioned in the inscription.

We learn from the *Literary Gazette*, that some of the friends and admirers of Goethe, at the Literary Union, have lately presented the venerable bard, with an elegant seal, as a testimony of the high estimation in which he is held in England.

AUTUMNAL SCENES.

(For the Mirror.)

Go thou, when moonlight silvers the green
leaves
That whisper in the wind, and thou wilt feel
That Autumn can enchant the thoughtful heart.
Or, when the sapphire sky reveals its light
Between the sunny wilderness of clouds,
And the hills glow with morning's rosy flush.
Oh! as thou musest on the scatter'd leaves,
That mingle in fantastic wreaths, or hear'st
The stream lamenting with a dirge-like sound,
Reflect on what thou art; for as the leaves
Fall to the earth in premature decay,
And the stream mourns its lovely summer tints

Thus shall thou fall into the arms of Death,
And Memory haunt with grief thy silent tomb!

MS. Poem.

The bees still hum around the rose,
That to our garden-terrace clings;
And in the noon of sunny skies
The air is rife with butterflies,
Upon their star-like wings.

The sword is still adorned with flow'rs,
And rich with fragrant balm,
But we have lost the violet blue,
And other gems that lov'd to woo
The beauteous vernal calm.

Beneath the bend of clustering boughs
The river's gleam is bright,
And yonder cliffs, that seem to sleep,
Fringed with old woods, above the deep,
Are touched with golden light.

The church that rears its distant spire
Over the mournful yews,
Attunes the heart's most sacred chords
To feelings ne'er express'd by words,
And languid hopes renews.

And turn thou to the glorious sea,
Its waves are sweet with song,
And bird-like murmurs fill the air,
As playfully the breezes bear
Their sparkling foam along.

When scenes like these beguile thine eye,
And blissful thoughts are thine,
The heart—that shrine of holiest things
May borrow Fancy's starry wings,
And shape a theme divine!

G. R. C.

ON APPARITIONS.

"This we know for a truth, that ghosts have not
only been seen but heard to speak."
Gregorius on the Christian Religion.

(*For the Mirror.*)

SUCH was the belief of one of the most celebrated men in the history of the world. A belief in spirits is generally attributed to men of weak minds, but Grotius was a man who thought deeply on every subject, and having been a soldier and a statesman, as well as a philosopher, he must have learnt experience as a man of the world. He flourished too during a period untainted either by the superstition of the ancients, or the sceptical philosophy of modern days. Authority, however, is no proof, especially on a subject of this nature; but the misfortune is, that here argument avails nothing, and invariably fails of carrying conviction with it; for until a man has actually seen, or fancied he has seen a spirit, until he has had "the ocular proof," he not only turns a deaf ear to all reasoning on the matter, but is inclined to think lightly of those who maintain it.

In all ages and all countries of the

world, History informs us that apparitions have been seen and that a belief in their existence has been generally prevalent. Of this we have such ample testimony that were mere evidence sufficient, it would be better perhaps to relate all the histories of the fact, than enter into a dissertation on the possibility of it. Even in nations, separated from each other, and that have been excluded for ages from any commerce with the rest of the world, there have been found popular legends and traditions relative to the appearance of spirits; how we can reconcile this, unless by the admission of their truth is hard to say, for nothing less than experience could have possibly made them credible. We have said that they could not be communicated from other countries, and even if handed down from generation to generation, they must originally have had some foundation in fact. Universal consent is allowed to be a good argument to prove many abstract theories; why then should it not be allowed its due weight on this head also?

The most ancient apparition mentioned in history, is to be found in the book of Job; it is related in these words:—"When deep sleep falleth upon men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake; then a spirit passed before my face, the hair of my flesh stood up; it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes; there was silence and I heard a voice." The raising of Samuel by the witch of Endor, is another instance of the appearance of a spirit recorded in the Scriptures.

The truth of this doctrine was commonly received among the ancients, and maintained by their philosophers; we have all heard of the appearance of Cæsar to Brutus, as well as many other such relations; and Socrates, the wisest man of antiquity, had a demon constantly attendant upon him, which he consulted on all occasions. Even amongst the moderns there have not been wanting men of the first order of genius, who have either acknowledged their belief in spirits, or confessed they knew not what to think on the subject. In our own country, for instance, the famous Dr. Johnson was one amongst many others; a man of such extensive learning and so void of all prejudice,* that perhaps his opinion on the subject may carry some weight with it;—"That the dead are seen no more we surely cannot under-

* Thus in *MS.*

take to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages; that it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence, and many who deny it with their tongues confess it with their fears."

It is known amongst physicians that there is a particular disease, during the influence of which a constant train of human forms is presented to the eye of the patient, one disappearing as another succeeds; this is also mentioned by Mr. Locke in his *Essay on the Understanding*. It has indeed never been questioned that a disordered imagination frequently embodies what are only ideal forms; and that the memory, after having dwelt too intently on the form of any departed friend, can present his image to our view. This is true, but it is not all the truth; the point contended is, the reality in many instances, of such visions; the possibility of them we have no right whatever to call in question, and Montaigne in his *Essays* seems to imply there is even a degree of impiety in so doing: observe how impartially he treats the subject:—"Formerly, whenever I heard of spirits walking, witchcraft, &c., I pitied the poor people who were imposed on by these fooleries, and now I find, that I myself was to be pitied as much at least as they; reason has since instructed me that thus resolutely to condemn a thing as false and impossible, is to presume to set limits to God's will and the power of nature our common mother." In fact do we not every day see things more miraculous take place in the order of nature, which yet we implicitly believe. A grain of corn ripens, apparently fades, but being again consigned to the earth it springs up with new life. A tree in the winter season is robbed of its foliage and seems to be entirely deserted by the juices that nourished it, but when the spring returns it becomes more vigorous than ever. All this is far more extraordinary would we allow ourselves to consider it impartially, and only fails to excite admiration from our own want of thought, and from its not having novelty to recommend it.

That we cannot see the utility of spirits, or of the dead being suffered to revisit the earth, is no evidence against the fact; there is no necessity that we should know all things, for there are many other secrets of Providence besides this that we cannot divine, and which perhaps it is not intended we should. That it is difficult to bring the mind to a belief in them, there is no doubt, but the difficulty arises in a great

measure from our own vanity and presumption; there cannot indeed be a greater evidence of folly, than to pass sentence on every thing as absurd and impossible and to deny it presently, simply because our weak comprehensions cannot reach. Such is the part only of a conceited coxcomb, and of those who fancy themselves wiser and more infallible than others around them. F.

The Naturalist.

BOTANICAL RECREATION.

(For the Mirror.)

THE more closely we examine the productions of nature the more do we find subject-matter for investigation and contemplation. The diversity of construction, the various properties and functions, with the minute and yet important parts connected with the fructification of plants, are worthy the deep attention of the profound philosopher. The superficial observer satisfied with merely skimming the surface of his subject, with viewing merely the most prominent parts, is ill acquainted with that sense of gratification and pleasing satisfaction arising from a closer intimacy with, and a deeper knowledge of the beautiful economy and harmony of nature. Frequently, and it may be said generally, the most curious, and often most essential parts in the works of creation, are concealed from our view by the obscurity of their situation. Nature appears, by a peculiar provision, to conceal, and, as it were, to defend her treasures from the marauding influence of the ignorant invader, by whose inconsiderate grasp, her rich stores of future families might be at once crushed and irretrievably lost. In the examination of a flower, the parts most conspicuous and which become generally the first object of observation are the petals, which by their varied colours of exquisite beauty, of the most fascinating tints, and of the richest dye, absorb the attention and secure from examination the more important parts concealed within them; while the pistillum and capsule, the most *essential* parts, are scarcely seen in their confined situation, and escape the destroying hand of the superficial examiner; and so little are those parts valued, and so much aversion has the florist, in some flowers, to their appearance, that the merits of a certain plant (*Auricula*) become greatly enhanced by their concealment; should, however, unfortunately the stigma be

prominent, the florist, in order better to dispose of his plant, immediately destroys the whole of the pistillum by plucking it from the capsule, consequently destroying the seed of the plant itself; so much is caprice blinded to its own interest. I would wish to draw the attention of your botanical readers to a part of the fructification of flowers, which I am inclined to believe deserves more attention than it has generally received, and at every time of the year presenting a most agreeable amusement combined with instruction; I mean the Nectarium, which has occupied the attention of botanists, and undergone repeated investigation. Its use with some is still a matter of dispute; many have asserted that the nectarium is not an essential part of the flower while others have asserted the contrary. Linnæus defines it to be "that part of the corolla appropriated for containing the honey, a species of vegetable salts under a fluid form, that oozes from the plant and is the principal food of bees and other insects;" this, as far as it goes, appears to be correct; but the confining of the use to bees and other insects, is found not to be perfectly correct, as it is now ascertained that the seed receives nourishment from, and by means of, this fluid, it being with the pollen conveyed down the tube of the pistillum into the seed vessel, which tube is also found to be lined, and in general covered, with this nectar or honey.

The situation of the nectarium is not confined to any particular part of the corolla, but varies both in form and situation, almost in every genera. It will be found attached to the petals, and on the filaments, on the anthera and calyx. By way of illustration, I will point out the situation and form of the nectarium in the few following plants, which I hope may be the means of exciting the attention of some of your botanical readers to further investigation, at the same time be a source of amusement to others, whose curiosity may lead them to examine this most curious subject.

In the following plants the nectarium is attached to the petals, and terminates the corolla:—

Monkshood—composed of two long styles lodged with the upper petal.

Columbine Larkspur—shaped like a spur, and forms a tube at the bottom of the flower.

Violet—consists of a substance shaped like a spur, and terminates the upper petal.

Orchis—remarkably conspicuous and of various forms, attached to the petals,

sometimes like a slipper or shoe, and sometimes like a bee, according to the different genera.

If this spur or horn be divided by a small sharp instrument, such as a pen-knife, there will be discovered a liquid of sweetish taste, which is the true nectar, and the fabled drink of the gods.

In the following it is confined within the substance of the petals, or coloured leaves of the flower, principally at the base of the leaf:—

Ranunculus—a small prominence in the claw of each petal.

Lily—form a longitudinal line or furrow, which runs through each petal, reaching from the base to the middle.

Crown Imperial—form a small hollow or pore, at the base of each petal.

The nectar may be easily discovered by a small puncture or division.

In the following it is placed upon the filament:—

Bean Caper—consisting of a number of small leaves or scales, which are inserted into the inside of the base of the filaments, and surround the seed bud.

In the *Bastard Flower Fence* the nectarium is found on the antheræ or top of the stamina, and in the *Indian Cress* on the calyx.

It will be necessary, however, to remark that this nectar or honey, contained in the nectarium, is in many plants of very noxious quality; that contained in the Monkshood, or Aconite, Columbine, Hellebore and Fennel Flower, is very deleterious when taken into the stomach, and some botanists have stated the smell even, of the Monkshood, will cause head-ache, giddiness, and faintings; it is, therefore, necessary to be cautious while examining those plants that we use our taste or smell no more than is barely sufficient for the purposes of investigation. It is somewhat remarkable, that insects, bees particularly, have a great attachment to the honey of this plant (Monkshood), as in the knob which terminates the nectarium containing the black glutinous juice, scarcely half a dozen in one spike will be found perfect, all having been punctured and the contents extracted: how truly astonishing are the works of nature! Scarcely credible is the fact that any insect could devour so eagerly that which is so destructive to life, without its proving fatal to its existence; it has been said that the bee extracts that portion of the fluid only which is not deleterious, and consequently rejects that which is injurious; this certainly is an assertion not so easily proved, nor can we so readily perceive, even supposing

the fluid to contain an ingredient not injurious, how a separation of the chemically combined particles could be accomplished by the simple means of suction, the method of the bee. By a process of analysis, a chemist might ascertain the nature of its component parts, determine and separate that which is harmless from that which is deleterious; this we can readily understand: but how the bee without any other means than its natural unassisted faculty of suction can readily decompose so poisonous a compound, without injury to itself, and extract the good or wholesome quality of a deadly poison, must, as far as we are enabled to judge by our present extent of information, remain in obscurity. T. T. E.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE ABBEY. A FRAGMENT.

* * * * *
A FEELING and came o'er me, as I trod the sacred ground
Where Tudors and Plantagenets were lying all around:
I stepp'd with noiseless foot, as though the sound of mortal tread
Might burst the bands of the dreamless sleep that wraps the mighty dead!

The slanting ray of the evening sun shone through those cloisters pale,
With fitful light, on regal vest and warrior's sculptured mail;
As from the stained and storied pane it danced with quivering gleam,
Each cold and prostrate form below seem'd quickening in the beam.

Now sinking low, no more was heard the organ's solemn swell,
And faint upon the listening ear the last hosanna fell:

It died—and not a breath did stir; above each knightly stall.
Unmoved, the banner'd blazonry hung waveless as a pall.

I stood alone—a living thing midst those that were no more—
I thought on ages that were past the glorious deeds of yore—
On Edward's sable panoply, on Cressy's tented plain,
The fatal Roses twined at length, on great Eiza's reign.

I thought on Blenheim—when, at once, upon my startled ear
There came a sound; it chilled my veins, it froze my heart with fear,
As from a wild unearthly voice I heard these accents drop—
"Service is done—it's tuppence now for them as wants to stop!"

A grisly sight * * * * *
[Cætera desiderantur.]
Fraser's Magazine.

A LUDICROUS REVOLUTION.

A REVOLUTION of a singularly ludicrous character during my residence in one of

the ex-colonies of Spain in South America. As I performed rather a prominent part in the farce, I shall endeavour to give the reader a faint sketch of this remarkable affair; but first to explain how I (a stranger and an Englishman) became connected with it.

I was on a visit with an old and esteemed friend at his picturesque villa, about five leagues distant from the scene of this sudden political change, and one morning, having occasion to go to the capital on business, I rose at four o'clock, in order to make the most of the early part of the day, purposing to return to dinner. The old cook, (with whom I was a favourite,) notwithstanding the early hour, had prepared a maté for me, which was most acceptable, and having lighted my cigarro de papel.* I hastened to the corral,† in order to catch a favourite Chilian‡ which I generally rode.

My friend's best lazo§ was in requisition, and I astonished myself and two of the natives, by noosing my Bucephalus at the first throw. They expressed so much admiration of my new recado|| and its silver appendages, that I thought it prudent to decline their eager offers of escorting me to the Pueblo. Having mounted my fleet colorado,¶ I cantered along, gazing with rapture on the beauty of the rising sun. It was a heavenly morning; the green and gold of the orange and citron groves, spangled with diamond dew-drops; the acacia's silvery flowers and sensitive leaves expanding to the sunbeams, and the bright delusion of the distant mirage, lent their varied attractions to the scene. Myriads of horned cattle, sheep and horses, just emancipated from their corrals, were moving in speckled array along the luxuriant pasture land which environed the city. The Biscachos** were all in mo-

* Paper cigar (Spanish): it is composed of Brazilian or black tobacco, rolled in paper, or in the leaf of the Indian corn.

† The corral is a large enclosure, formed with stakes driven into the ground, into which cattle are turned at nightfall.

‡ The horses of Chile are more esteemed than any others in South America; they are more hardy and better bred.

§ This singular nose is made of the twisted entrails of oxen. It is fastened by a ring to the saddle, and the natives throw it with such dexterity, as to make sure of their aim at a considerable distance: it is used to capture men as well as cattle, and with its aid I have known the peasantry carry off light pieces of ordnance.

|| The recado is a most useful saddle: the materials composing it form your bed: it is very expensive, a handsome one costing from £40. to £50.

¶ Bay colour (Spanish). It is the custom in this country to address one another by the colour of their horse, as "Sir of the White Horse," &c.

** A species of rabbit: they are very destruc-

tion in search of their morning repast, and here and there a majestic ostrich in full speed crossed my path.

Proceeding onward amid this prodigal display of Nature's bounty, I arrived at a small village, distant one league from the capital. To my great surprise, I observed about 600 Guachos* assembled at this place, and a well-known democrat, (with whom I was slightly acquainted,) haranguing them in the most vehement manner. I rode up and saluted them, and was soon informed that they were determined to effect a change in the Government, and were about to surprise the capital: I was also given to understand that I must either remain where I was, or join in their expedition. Being naturally fond of mischief, and having a dislike to the existing Governor, I chose the latter alternative, and having briefly arranged our plan of operations, we set off at full gallop to try the fortune of war. Each Guacho was to receive three doubloons when the revolution was accomplished, and all were in high spirits. A case of pistols, which I possessed, were the only fire-arms amongst us, the other weapons consisting of lances, swords, daggers, and the favourite lazo.

The possession of the money-chest, which was deposited in the Treasury, was the first object to be obtained, and for this purpose, some of the martial peasantry were dismounted, and advancing under the command of their leader's brother, with the greatest secrecy and order, easily overpowered the few sentries posted on that building, and effecting an entrance, barricaded the doors, while we proceeded, without obstruction, to the Grand Plaza,† where the Governor's house and the principal public offices are situated. About 300 ragged infantry, having just got the alarm, were drawn up here in trembling array; we advanced within a few yards of them, and their commander walking up to our leader, commenced a parley, and if words were weapons, I believe he would have been victorious: a lucky circumstance, however, speedily made us masters of the field of battle and the Government without bloodshed. By some accident, a pistol which I held in my hand, went off in the direction of the Colonel, and I was considerably

tive, and burrow to such an extent, that riding in their neighbourhood is attended with considerable danger.

* The peasantry of a large portion of South America are called Guachos or Guassos. They may be said to live on horseback.

† The principal square, generally in the centre of the town, the streets branching off at right angles.

alarmed at seeing him fall. Our Guachos thinking this the signal for attack, rode forward, but the gallant regulars observing their matchless leader *hors de combat*, ran away without making the least resistance, save a few, who threw down their arms and begged for quarter, which was readily granted them. In the mean time, the worthy Colonel continued to kick and plunge at a furious rate, crying out that he was mortally wounded, and entreating us to send for his wife and a surgeon. I carefully examined every part of his body, but could meet with no trace of the ball, and at length became fully convinced that his wound was only one of the imagination; but all my efforts to persuade him of his safety were in vain; I, however, induced him to swallow a little brandy, which I had in a case-bottle. This revived him a little; he stood up, felt himself all over, jumped, shouted, and coughed, to the infinite amusement of the Guachos, and he was beginning to think all was right, until one of them maliciously suggested that the ball had passed down his throat, which was wide open at the time: this, silly as it was, renewed his alarm, and his panic still continued, when his wife, a pretty young woman, arrived, making loud and evidently forced lamentations. She was accompanied by a fat priest, carrying the Host, and a Spanish quack-doctor, who commenced an unintelligible Latinized jargon, and was of opinion that as the ball had evidently lodged in the intestines, it would be necessary to extract it, which he proposed doing, but at the same time requested the priest to perform his office, as he could not answer for the Colonel's recovery from so difficult an operation.

The wounded hero was in a sad dilemma, but he resolutely refused to submit to the scalping knife of the ignorant empiric; and when urged by the priest to trust himself in the hands of God, he rather unceremoniously desired him to go to the devil. At length, having afforded us considerable amusement, he was conveyed to a room in the Cabildo,‡ where great numbers visited him, his existence being considered quite a miracle. We soon became masters of all the public offices, and a junta of the opposers of the former Administration being held, they declared the late Governor (who had fled on hearing the report of my pistol) deposed, and elected our leader in his stead, who retaining 100 Guachos as a body guard, paid and dis-

‡ It was formerly the seat of the Municipal Council, and is now converted into offices for the transaction of law business.

missed the remainder, and in three or four hours, every thing was as tranquil as if no change had occurred; indeed, during the whole affair, business received no interruption, and the new Governor attended the theatre in the evening amid the *Vivas** of the fickle citizens. My gallant exertions were celebrated in prose and verse, Cæsar's words *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, being most appropriately applied. My friend the Colonel became in a few days firmly attached to the new system, and attracted crowds to the Café he frequented, to listen to his exaggerated narrative of the events of the day, and his miraculous escape from the jaws of death. Thus ended, to use the expression of the natives, this *Grand Revolution*.—*United Service Journal*.

FULLER'S BIRD.

* I have read of a bird, which hath a face like and yet will prey upon a man: who coming to the water to drink, and finding there by reflection that he had killed one like himself, pineth away by degrees, and never afterwards enjoyeth itself.—*Fuller's Worthies*.

The wild-wing'd creature, clad in gore,
(His bloody human meal being o'er.)
Comes down to the water's brink;
'Tis the first time he there hath gazed,
And straight he shrinks—alarm'd—amazed,
And dares not drink.

* Have I till now,* he sadly said,
* Prey'd on my brother's blood, and made
His flesh my meal to day? "
Once more he glances in the brook,
And once more sees his victim's look:
Then turns away.

With such sharp pain as human hearts
May feel, the drooping thing departs
Unto the dark wild wood:
And where the place is thick with weeds
He hideth his remorse, and feeds
No more on blood.

But in that weedy brake he lies,
And pines, and pines until he dies;
And when all's o'er,
What follows?—Naught! His brothers slake
Their thirst in blood in that same brake,
Fierce as before!

—So fable flows:—But would you find
Its moral wrought in human kind,
Its tale made worse;
Turn straight to *Nan*, and in his fame
And forehead read—"THE HARPY'S" name,
But no remorse!—*New Monthly Magazine*.

LINES ON THE CAMP HILL NEAR HASTINGS.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

In the deep blue of eve,
Ere the twinkling of stars had begun,
Or the lark took his leave
Of the skies and the sweet setting sun.

I climb'd to yon heights,
Where the Norman encamp'd him of old,
With his bowmen and knights,
And his banner all burnish'd with gold.

At the Conqueror's side
There his minstrelsy sat harp in hand,
In pavilion wide;
And they chanted the deeds of Roland.

* *Viva* is the Spanish acclamation of applause.

Still the ramparted ground
With a vision my fancy inspires,
And I hear the tramp sound,
And it march'd our Chivalry's sires.

On each turf of that mead
Stood the captors of England's domains,
That ennobled her breed
And high-mettled the blood of her veins.

Over hauberk and helm
As the sun's setting splendour was thrown.
Thence they look'd o'er a realm—
And to-morrow beheld it their own.

Metropolitan.

NAPOLEON. (FOR MUSIC.)

HARK! the world is rent asunder,
Nations are agast; and kings
(Mingling in the common wonder)
Shake—like humbler things.

Only thou art left alone

Napoléon, Napoléon.

Piæus, from out her trance awaking,
Quits her ancient hot domain:
And War, the statesman's fetters breaking,
Shouts to thee—in vain!

Both to thee are now unknown,

Napoléon, Napoléon.

He who rode War's fiery billows
Once, and rul'd their surges wild,
Now beneath Heléna's willows
Sleepeth like a child!

All his soaring spirit down:

Napoléon, Napoléon.

In his grave the warrior sleepeth,
Humbly laid, and half forgot;
And naught, besides the willow weepeth
O'er that silent spot!

Calm it is, and all his own;

Napoléon, Napoléon.

But, what columns teach his merit?

What rich ermines wrap him round?—

None!—his proud and plumed Spirit
Crowns, alone, the ground!

Proud, and pale, and all alone,

Thou art dead, *Napoléon!*

O—*Napoléon.*

New Monthly Magazine.

SOCIAL CULTIVATION OF MUSIC.

WHERE several young ladies, sisters or friends, reside in one family, there is an opportunity for bringing the social harmony of voices to a kind of perfection, which casual intercourse can never lead to. In a country life the accomplishment of music is especially graceful. What can better befit morning or evening society in an arbour, or in the shady recesses of a park or pleasure-ground, than an Italian arietta of Millico or Paesello, aided by a few *extempore* touches of the guitar? A glee sung by heart will not render the labours of embroidery less interesting, or badly occupy the interval between reading aloud. One of the chief delights of ladies' work is, that it so little engrosses the thoughts. While their fingers are mechanically employed, they may, in a hundred ways, entertain themselves and those about them, as well with the music of their voices as with the merry conceits of their wit and fancy.

Harmonicon.



UPTON CHURCH.

THIS is a fine month to enjoy the old and renovated beauty of Windsor Castle. Nothing can be finer to the eye of the artist or the listless visiter than the broad, bold masses of this stupendous structure in the splendour of a September sun, and an hour, nay, even a day, may be well passed in lingering about its walls and towers; leaving its internal beauties for another day. The Rev. Mr. Bowles, quaintly enough thinks the restored portion of the exterior walls look as if washed with soap and water.

Perchance the reader may say—"what has this to do with Upton?" We reply as follows. Upton is a small, but not unlettered village, about a mile distant from Windsor, and is one of those delightful retreats which all Windsor visitors will do well to regard. A week may be well passed in this picturesque country. The Castle, *par excellence*, is the nucleus or centre of attraction; the town of Windsor is a place of some interest; but the retired villages, ivied churches, and hallowed sites and relics within five or six miles of the town will enable the home tourist to enjoy more easy walks and rides here than in any other country we are acquainted with.

Now, UPTON is one of these sequestered spots. Though the village is small, the parish is of considerable extent, about half a mile to the west of Eton, and intersected by the Great Bath Road. Mr. Hakewill, the accomplished topographer and illustrator of Windsor, tells us it is in the hundred of Stoke and deanery of Burnham. The manor of Upton cum Chalvey, which belonged to Merton Ab-

bey, was on lease to the family of the Barkers in the reign of James I. It then became the property of the Lanes, and subsequently belonged to George Edwards, Esq. of Henlow, in Bedfordshire, whose family possessed it as early as the year 1725.

The Church, in the Engraving, is a Saxon structure: its plainness does not, however, require minute detail. It contains memorials of Edward Bulstrode, Squire of the Body to Henry VII. and VIII., and of others of the same family, who were the proprietors of Bulstrode, in this parish. In the churchyard lie the Lanes. The Tower is "ivy-mantled" and being near Stoke Pogis, the occasional residence of Mr. Gray,† its churchyard has been fancifully considered as the subject of his beautiful Elegy. When we last saw Upton, the church tower had its usual evergreen freshness, which we hope it still retains. Mr. Hakewill tells us it was endangered a few years since. "Against these verdant honours, the farmers had, poetically speaking, sacrilegiously combined, as the harbour of the noxious sparrow, but by the fostering protection of the very respectable Archdeacon Heslop,

* Bulstrode was formerly the seat of the family of the same name, the heiress of which was mother of Sir Bulstrode Whitelocks, a celebrated statesman and historian. It belonged then to Lord-Chancellor Jefferies, by whose attainder it fell to the Crown, and was granted by King William to the first Earl of Portland. It was the seat of the late Duke of Portland, by whom it was sold to the Duke of Somerset. The name is, however, still retained in the Portland property, in Bulstrode-street, Mary-le-bone.

† See *Mirror*, vol. xv. p. 237.

the church still wears its mantling verdure. The Rectory, which was given to Merton Abbey, by Paganus de Beauchamp, became the property of Eton College, by an exchange many years before the Reformation. The Vicarage is in the gift of the Crown."

The Sketch-Book.

"OUR VILLAGE" AS IT WAS.

"Look on this picture and on this!"

(For the Mirror.)

THANKS to Mary Russell Mitford, for the suggestion of this apposite though altered title. That fair delineator of rustic manners revels in the sunshine of cottage comforts; but our unworthy pen shall treat of the reverses of the village. We shall tarry not to admire the rustic innocence of the doll-delighted baby, the perturbation of the frocked ploughman before his mistress, twirling his hat on his thumb, and kicking the leg of the table with his hobnailed shoes; ours shall be, in the present paper, a retrospect of the "palmstate" of our village; and, in a forthcoming one, a present survey of its actual condition. Shut not the book, anticipating reader: we are not going to pour out vapid floods of exhaustless commentary on politics. No; the language in which the joys and miseries of "our village" will be delineated, must smack little of that of the senate. Even our homely selves must descend a key or two, and talk upon the subject in more plebeian style.

Alas for "our village!" where all save the very bricks and mortar is changed. To begin with the *old* squire, it may be veritably said of him, "we ne'er shall look upon his like again." He was one of the true old English breed; his favourite dress was a red coat, buckskin breeches, and top-boots; his favourite feed, roast beef, with its jolly accompaniment of *home-brewed*. Under his patronage the village prospered; for it was his delight to make the poor man's cot as comfortable to him as his own hall—where the ruddy-cheeked huntsman and the rotund groom passed the major part of their time as happily as did the cozy, overfed hounds which slumbered at their feet. On each anniversary of the squire's birthday, a table was spread in the lawn fronting the drawing-room of the hall. Here the poorest of the villagers sat down to a bountiful repast, rendered still more palatable by potatoes of old October.

Their conviviality was wont to be kept up till long after the harvest sun had gone down beyond the sheaf-covered fields; when at last the old squire would make his appearance, and address them in the following laconism: "Well, my Britons, I hope you are enjoying yourselves. Don't be in a hurry to go: I have ordered Middleton to see that when the barrels are out, you be supplied with more. I am now going to bed; so I wish you all a good night, and may God bless you!" Three cheers would follow this harangue, amidst the music of which the squire would make his parting bow. Honoured be his memory! We never enter the time-hallowed fane of St. Mary, but our eyes revert to his hatchment, with its edging of dusty and dropping velvet; and we gaze on it with the same mournful reverence with which we ought to contemplate the sole relic of one who lived but for the prosperity of our native hamlet, and who died ere its decay!*

It was in these happy days that the kitchen of the peasant's cottage in "our village" wore the features of a dairy; for the commons (rich and extensive in this neighbourhood) were then unclosed: the right of commonage enabled each poor villager to keep a cow in addition to pigs and geese. The butcher with small capital likewise turned out his little stock to graze on the commons; a privilege partially enjoyed too by the farmer whose means were contracted, and who, by aid of such cheap pasturage, could afford to slaughter his own cattle. Beef and mutton were cheap; and it was a rare case to see, at the dinner-time, a cottager's table without its daily hot or cold joint. The hospitality of the farmers in and about "our village" was then notorious; and it mattered little whether it was the hungry hunter or the houseless mendicant that called at the door of the farmhouse; meat and drink were liberally dispensed, and with the same hearty good will as though it had been their imperative duty thus to give "from their basket and their store."

In these seasons of halcyon prosperity, "our village" was famous for that unfettered display of original and eccentric character which the frost of adversity has since deadened and blighted. Stories are told of the sot and the idler, and the manœuvres they had recourse to for the obtaining of liquor, good eat-

* We are compelled to erase the next few lines of the MS. though we lament to say from no sense of their inappropriateness. The reader may possibly supply the identical reflection they embody.—E. M.

ing and an easy life, which, were they collected, would form an epitome of mirth—more enlivening even than the Yorkshire scenes of "Bracebridge Hall" traced by Geoffrey Crayon, gent. We will select two or three authentic anecdotes related of a humorous bricklayer, named Cy. Fawcett. He, together with a journeyman whom he kept, had the keeping in repair of the squire's hall, and its various out-offices; for the doing of which he was paid by the week. Proverbially lazy, whenever he was in want of a good dinner and half a gallon of strong ale, he with his man, would repair to the squire's, under the pretence of some smoky chimney requiring to be cured, or the slates of the roof pointed. There on the top of the house, basking in the beams of the sleep-inducing sun, Cy. and his man used to take it in turns to enjoy a nap. It was a common expression with the former, when weary of keeping his eyes open, to say, "Here, Jack, take the hammer, and make a noise with it, while I have a sleep; and then I'll *tap* a bit while you take one;" a mode of cheating which was literally adopted, in order that the noise of the hammer might deceive the inmates below. A new agreement having been entered into between Cy. and the steward, it was settled that the former should "find his own victuals" when working at the Hall. A day or two after this compact, Cy. and his man were at work about the mansion, when, at dinner time, the housekeeper was surprised and annoyed to hear some one flogging a favourite old hound, immediately beneath her window. His cries drew her to the door, when she beheld Cy. brandishing a whip over the innocent animal, which at intervals he applied most unmercifully, exclaiming, "Curse thee! I'll teach thee to run away wi' my dinner another time!" "What, is that all, Cy.?" said the good-natured housekeeper; "pray come in and dine with us, and bring Jack along wi' ye." This invitation was cheerfully accepted; it being unnecessary to add that the whole was a manoeuvre of Master Cy. on purpose to settle the, with him, perplexing question, "Where shall I dine?" The steward had promised to pay him a rather long account on a certain day, providing that a partition-wall in the kitchen garden should be finished at a stated hour. Cy. and his man set to work, and ran up the wall so quickly, that it began to totter ere the last brick was laid. "Here, Jack," exclaimed Cy. "stand with thy back against it, till I go in and draw the

money." The account was settled, and master and man were fairly off the premises, when Jack whispered his eccentric employer, "Master, the wall's down, I heard it go!" "Never mind," responded Cy.; he had scarcely uttered the words, when the hall cook, hobbling after them, bawled out, "You are to come back; the wall has tumbled down." "Thank ye, thank ye," replied Cy, pretending to understand it as an invitation to tea, "we are obliged to you all the same; but they are waiting tea for us at home," and away they toddled, in spite of the vociferous exclamations of the cook.

But wo to "our village!" The squire died suddenly of apoplexy, and was interred amidst the weeping and wailing of the villagers. His son came to the estates, and then commenced the evil days of our hamlet. The red hunting coat was given to Tom Plewes, the groom, who was jealous of even losing a button off his master's favourite garment. The Hall was deserted, save three months in the year, and the walks in its gardens and pleasure-grounds became overrun with grass and weeds. The commons were *taken up*, and constituted private property. A *jeu d'esprit* written at the time conveys more than sarcasm:—

"The fault is great in man or woman,
Who steals a goose from off a common;
But who can plead that man's excuse,
Who steals the common from the goose!"

The next paper, "Our Village" as it is, will commence with some interesting particulars respecting the enclosing of the commons. * * H.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER.

Saint Knighton's Glen.

(Concluded from page 208.)

The moon had not yet risen. The night was profoundly calm, and the measured yet scarce-heard tramp of our horses' hoofs as we trotted over the turf, alone broke the deep stillness. We were now advancing towards the entrance of a little valley, and Charles told me that he expected from the information they had received, to make an extensive seizure hereabouts, on its road to some depot near Dartmoor; or perhaps to obtain a clue to the situation of such a place. The massive proportions of the scenery adjoining *St. Knighton's Glen*, now stood forth with a dim yet vasty effect on the sky-line. Two of the party were here sent forward to the gorge to see if any thing was stirring. After waiting a long time in perfect

stillness, our scouts returned with no information. I therefore suggested that about two-thirds of the party should proceed up St. Knighton's Glen before the moon rose, as it was evident that the intelligence had been incorrect with regard to the expected transit of goods; for the smugglers would certainly have chosen the darkness for their operations, and moonlight was fast approaching. We dismounted and were soon at the entrance of the glen. Here the hoarse gurgling of the stream fell vividly on the ear; the darkness and deep solitude adding powerfully to the effect. As we proceeded the noise of the cataract became every instant more apparent, drowning every thing with its ceaseless roar. The moon was nearly up when we reached the cataract, and it was comparatively light from the large space we now breathed in, and the whiteness of its spray. We examined every part in the hopes of finding some outlet or path which would afford a clue to the existence of the smugglers' retreat, but we were unsuccessful. Our situation was certainly hazardous should such a place have existed. The parties might have fired or rolled stones down upon us from the cliffs, secure behind their impending masses.

The moon was now up, and we were preparing reluctantly to retrace our steps, when one of the party suddenly pointed out to Charles a thin stream of what appeared to be smoke, rising into the air from some portion of the cliffs above a secluded corner of the rocky circle. It was at once apparent that there must be a human habitation of some sort there, but the elevated site, and apparent difficulty of communication rendered it improbable that it was the place we were seeking. Still, who but a smuggler would fix on such a spot for concealment? On examining attentively, the smoke appeared to take its rise midway in the steep, and Hyde at once determined at all hazards to explore it. With as little noise as possible, for indeed that from the waterfall overwhelmed almost every other, one of the men climbed the steep surface of the rock for a short way, and soon gained a sort of ledge; the place where we stood was thrown into deep shadow by an enormous projecting mass of granite, and he immediately beckoned to us that he had found a path. In a few minutes we gained the ledge and something like a rude winding path became visible by which the ascent was rendered tolerably easy. We had not ascended above two thirds of the distance, before we were assailed

with the furious barking of dogs. Hyde's situation at the head of the party was eminently hazardous, for two or three resolute men might here have successfully repelled a large number of assailants. But in this instance it was too late. Before the assailed had time to defend themselves, most of the party stood on a broad shelf of rock opposite the door of a rude sort of tenement, that seemed half cave, half building, and was ingeniously constructed for concealment. Amidst the loud yells and fierce growling of the dogs, Hyde hailed the inmates, and demanded an entrance in the king's name. A shrill female voice replied as well as we could make out through the now subdued growl of the animals, that she was a poor lone old woman, and it was a shame for us to come there at that hour; and bid us begone whoever we were, or she would let the dogs loose on us.

"We have told you who we are, old dame," said Hyde, "so open the door without any more noise, or I will blow the lock off in half a brace of shakes.—No one will molest you."

Charles had hardly uttered these words, and was on the point of advancing towards the door, when a bullet whizzed past my ear, accompanied by the flash of a brace of pistols from some fissure in the building.

"Oh heaven! the rascals have done for me," exclaimed poor Charles, staggering back into my arms, "Forward my lads—my poor mother—mercy—Lucy"—he fainted.

I remember little else of the scene that followed—it was one of life and death. Animated with the liveliest feeling of revenge against the cowardly miscreants, we placed Hyde in the arms of one of the party and rushed forward to the assistance of the others. We soon forced the door of the cottage. The interior was filled with smoke and we closed with the ruffians, who were captured after a little brisk work, in which several of the king's men were severely wounded, and one of our opponents killed. There was a still at work in the building with a quantity of spirits and smuggled goods. After seeing the three men we had captured with the old beldam, handcuffed and secured, I hastily descended from the hut, and found my dear friend laid on the turf at the foot of the rocks. The blood was still oozing from him, and one of the men with his hat full of water was attempting to restore him to some degree of consciousness. I was in a state of intense agony lest he should expire for want of

proper aid. The pale mellow beams of the moon now fell full upon the rushing waterfall and aged rocks, presenting a powerful contrast to the sad and sickening lesson for humanity under their shade. Ah Lucy Follaton, I thought as a gush of recollections came across my mind, your prayers and your entreaties were not then without a cause. But no time was to be lost in removing him to some habitable place. The chilling damps of that deserted spot would only hasten his dissolution. I got the men together, a party being left in the possession of the cave, and we conveyed poor Charles, as fast as his weak state would permit, on a sort of litter to a farm house about a mile and a half distant. Having stopped the further loss of blood, he here recovered some sort of consciousness, though unable to speak. A medical friend from the port, who had been sent for express, gave me but faint hopes of his recovery. Knowing he was in kind hands I galloped off to Weston, almost choked with grief.

It was nearly daylight when I reached the village. I knocked up the parish surgeon, whom I dispatched to the aid of my friend, and after an inward struggle turned my horse's head towards his once happy but now desolate home. "Oh heaven! what a difference throughout the whole of this various and teeming earth a single death can effect! Sky, sun, air, the eloquent waters, the inspiring mountain-tops, the murmuring and glossy wood, the very

Glory in the grass, and splendour in the flower:

—Do these hold over us an eternal spell? Are they as a part and property of an unvarying course of nature? Have they aught which is unfailing, steady, *same* in its effect? Alas! their attraction is the creature of an accident. One gap, invisible to all but ourself in the crowd and turmoil of the world, and everything is changed. In a single hour, the whole process of thought, the whole ebb and flow of emotion, may be revulsed for the rest of an existence. Nothing can ever seem to us as it did; it is a blow upon the fine mechanism by which we think and move, and have our being—the pendulum vibrates aright no more—the dial hath no account with time—the process goes on but it knows no symmetry or order; it was a single stroke that marred it, but the harmony is gone for ever!

Here I feel I ought to draw this melancholy story to a close. It was a harrowing thing to enter that door, and for ever blast the happiness of those two innocent beings; and a fearful scene of

grief there followed. Oh human heart! poor Lucy had received her bridal clothes late the preceding night—the morrow was to have been the day of their marriage!

Charles Hyde's gallant spirit was quenched before the sun set that was to have shone upon his bridal. * * * His dear Lucy did not tarry long in following him to the grave. VVVVAN.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

EARLY LIFE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was born at Woolsthorpe, a hamlet in the parish of Colsterworth, in Lincolnshire, about six miles south of Grantham, on the 25th December, O. S. 1642, exactly one year after Galileo died, and was baptized at Colsterworth on the 1st January, 1642-3. His father, Mr. Isaac Newton, died at the early age of thirty-six, a little more than a year after the death of his father Robert Newton, and only a few months after his marriage to Harriet Ayscough, daughter of James Ayscough, of Market Overton, in Rutlandshire. This lady was accordingly left in a state of pregnancy, and appears to have given a premature birth to her only and posthumous child. The helpless infant thus ushered into the world, was of such an extremely diminutive size,* and seemed of so perishable a frame, that two women who were sent to Lady Pakenham's at North Witham, to bring some medicine to strengthen him, did not expect to find him alive on their return. Providence, however, had otherwise decreed; and that frail tenement which seemed scarcely able to imprison its immortal mind, was destined to enjoy a vigorous maturity, and to survive even the average term of human existence. The estate of Woolsthorpe, in the manor-house of which this remarkable birth took place, had been more than a hundred years in the possession of the family, who came originally from Newton in Lancashire, but who had, previous to the purchase of Woolsthorpe, settled at Westby, in the county of Lincoln. The manor-house, of which we have given an engraving, is situated in a beautiful little valley, remarkable for its copious wells of pure spring water, on the west side of the

* Sir Isaac Newton told Mr. Conduit, that he had often heard his mother say, that when he was born he was so little that they might have put him into a quart mug.

river Witham, which has its origin in the neighbourhood, and commands an agreeable prospect to the east towards Colsterworth. The manor of Woolsthorpe was worth only 30*l.* per annum; but Mrs. Newton possessed another small estate at Sewstern,* which raised the annual value of their property to about 80*l.*; and it is probable that the cultivation of the little farm on which she resided somewhat enlarged the limited income upon which she had to support herself, and educate her child.

For three years Mrs. Newton continued to watch over her tender charge with parental anxiety; but in consequence of her marriage to the Reverend Barnabas Smith, rector of North Witham, about a mile south of Woolsthorpe, she left him under the care of her own mother. At the usual age he was sent to two day-schools at Skillington and Stoke, where he acquired the education which such seminaries afforded; but when he reached his twelfth year he went to the public school at Grantham, taught by Mr. Stokes, and was boarded at the house of Mr. Clark, an apothecary in that town. According to information which Sir Isaac himself gave to Mr. Conduit, he seems to have been very inattentive to his studies, and very low in the school. The boy, however, who was above him, having one day given him a severe kick upon his stomach, from which he suffered great pain, Isaac laboured incessantly till he got above him in the school, and from that time he continued to rise till he was the head boy. From the habits of application which this incident had led him to form, the peculiar character of his mind was speedily displayed. During the hours of play, when the other boys were occupied with their amusements, his mind was engrossed with mechanical contrivances, either in imitation of something which he had seen, or in execution of some original conception of his own. For this purpose he provided himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers, and all sorts of tools, which he acquired the art of using with singular dexterity. The principal pieces of mechanism which he thus constructed were a wind-mill, a water-clock, and a carriage put in motion by the person who sat in it. When a wind-mill was erecting near Grantham, on the road to Gunnerby, Isaac frequently attended the operations of the workmen, and acquired such a thorough knowledge of the machinery, that he completed a working model of

it, which excited universal admiration. This model was frequently placed on the top of the house in which he lodged at Grantham, and was put in motion by the action of the wind upon its sails. Not content with this exact imitation of the original machine, he conceived the idea of driving it by animal power; and for this purpose he enclosed in it a mouse, which he called the miller; and which, by acting upon a sort of tread-wheel, gave motion to the machine. According to some accounts, the mouse was made to advance by pulling a string attached to its tail, while others allege that the power of the little agent was called forth by its unavailing attempts to reach a portion of corn placed above the wheel.

His water-clock was formed out of a box which he had solicited from Mrs. Clark's brother. It was about four feet high, and of a proportional breadth, somewhat like a common house-clock. The index of the dial-plate was turned by a piece of wood, which either fell or rose by the action of dropping water. As it stood in his own bed-room he supplied it every morning with the requisite quantity of water, and it was used as a clock by Mr. Clark's family, and remained in the house long after its inventor had quitted Grantham.† His mechanical carriage was a vehicle with four wheels, which was put in motion with a handle wrought by the person who sat in it, but, like Merlin's chair, it seems to have been used only on the smooth surface of a floor, and not fitted to overcome the inequalities of a road. Although Newton was at this time "a sober, silent, thinking lad," who scarcely ever joined in the ordinary games of his school-fellows, yet he took great pleasure in providing them with amusements of a scientific character. He introduced into the school the flying of paper kites; and he is said to have been at great pains in determining their best forms and proportions, and in ascertaining the position and number of the points by which the string should be attached. He made also paper lanterns, by the light of which he went to school in the winter mornings, and he frequently attached these lanterns to the tails of his kites in a dark night, so as to inspire the

† "I remember once," says Dr. Stukely, "when I was deputy to Dr. Hailey, Secretary at the Royal Society, Sir Isaac talked of these kind of instruments. That he observed the chief inconvenience in them was, that the hole through which the water is transmitted being necessarily very small, was subject to be furred up by impurities in the water, as those made with sand will wear bigger, which at length causes an inequality in time."—Stukely's Letter to Dr. Mead. —Turnor's Collections, p. 177.

* In Leicestershire, and about three miles south-east of Woolsthorpe.

country people with the belief that they were comets.

In the house where he lodged there were some female inmates, in whose company he appears to have taken much pleasure. One of these, a Miss Storey, sister to Dr. Storey, a physician at Buckminster, near Colsterworth, was two or three years younger than Newton, and to great personal attractions she seems to have added more than the usual allotment of female talent. The society of this young lady and her companions was always preferred to that of his own school-fellows, and it was one of his most agreeable occupations to construct for them little tables and cupboards, and other utensils for holding their dolls and their trinkets. He had lived nearly six years in the same house with Miss Storey, and there is reason to believe that their youthful friendship gradually rose to a higher passion; but the smallness of her portion and the inadequacy of his own fortune appear to have prevented the consummation of their happiness. Miss Storey was afterwards twice married, and under the name of Mrs. Vincent, Dr. Stukely visited her at Grantham in 1727, at the age of eighty-two, and obtained from her many particulars respecting the early history of our author. Newton's esteem for her continued unabated during his life. He regularly visited her when he went to Lincolnshire, and never failed to relieve her from little pecuniary difficulties which seem to have beset her family.

Among the early passions of Newton we must recount his love of drawing, and even of writing verses. His own room was furnished with pictures drawn, coloured, and framed by himself, sometimes from copies, but often from life.* Among these were portraits of Dr. Donne, Mr. Stokes, the master of Grantham School, and King Charles I., under whose picture were the following verses.

A secret art my soul requires to try,
If prayers can give me what the wars deny.
Three crowns distinguished here, in order do
Present their objects to my knowing view.
Earth's crown, thus at my feet I can disdain,
Which heavy is, and at the best but vain.
But now a crown of thorns I gladly greet;
Sharp is this crown, but not so sharp as sweet;
The crown of glory that I yonder see
Is full of bliss and of eternity.

These verses were repeated to Dr. Stukely by Mrs. Vincent, who believed them to be written by Sir Isaac, a circumstance which is the more probable,

* Mr. Clarke informed Dr. Stukely that the walls of the room in which Sir Isaac lodged were covered with charcoal drawings of birds, beasts, men, ships, and mathematical figures, all of which were very well designed.

as he himself assured Mr. Conduit, with some expression of pleasure, that he "excelled in making verses," although he had been heard to express a contempt for poetical composition.

But while the mind of our young philosopher was principally occupied with the pursuits which we have now detailed, it was not inattentive to the movements of the celestial bodies on which he was destined to throw such a brilliant light. The imperfections of his water-clock had probably directed his thoughts to the more accurate measure of time which the motion of the sun afforded. In the yard of the house where he lived, he traced the varying movements of that luminary upon the walls and roofs of the buildings; and by means of fixed pins he had marked out the hourly and half-hourly subdivisions. One of these dials, which went by the name of *Isaac's dial*, and was often referred to by the country people for the hour of the day, appears to have been drawn solely from the observations of several years; but we are not informed whether all the dials which he drew on the wall of his house at Woolsthorpe, and which existed after his death, were of the same description, or were projected from his knowledge of the doctrine of the sphere.

Family Library. No. 24.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKESPEARE.

PAGANINI.

On the 16th of May, Dr. Bennati read before the *Royal Academy of Sciences*, at Paris, a physiological notice of this extraordinary man, in which he gives it as his opinion, that the prodigious talent of this artist is mainly to be attributed to the peculiar conformation which enables him to bring his elbows close together, and place them one over the other, and to the elevation of his left shoulder, which is an inch higher than the right one—to the slackening of the ligaments of the wrists, and the mobility of his phalanges, which he can move in a lateral direction at pleasure. Dr. Bennati also alluded to the excessive development of Paganini's cerebellum, as connected with the extraordinary acuteness of his organs of hearing, which enables him to hear conversations carried on in a low tone at a considerable distance. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire remarked that he had been particularly struck with the prominence of the artist's forehead, which hangs over his deeply-seated eyes like a pent-house.

GREAT AGES.

WE throw out a hint to all friends who have abundance of leisure, that they could not employ a few hours more serviceably than in tracing and noting down the oldest man on record, whose birth admits of unquestionable proof. We have, unfortunately, no work at hand that will enable us to say on what authority rests the story of the great age of the Parrs and the Jenkinss; but have very little doubt that it is no better than their own recollections. The inquiry would not be without use; the possible age to which life may stretch out must have its influence on all calculations of annuities, insurances, &c., and may have in very important legal questions—the possible period of gestation was the great inquiry in the Gardener Peerage, and the possible age of man may become so on a future occasion. We protest, however, against all circumstantial evidence;—it is not worth wasting a thought upon. We knew an old man—a very old man, as the reader will believe, when we tell him that it appeared by the Post-Office books, that he had been SUPERANNUATED for seventy-eight years—so old a man, indeed, that the then Postmaster-General believed some fraud was being practised on the office. But his identity was proved beyond all question, the fact being, that he was superannuated at six years old! Now, had this gentleman delighted in the marvellous, he might have beaten many hollow. Superannuation at fifty or sixty is credible enough; and he had therefore to make his election, whether he would die, as honest people often do, at 84, or as a prodigy at 134.—*Athenæum*.

HANGMEN.

KENNETT in his *Antiquities of Rome*, says, "We must not forget the Carnifex, or common-hangman, whose business lay only in Crucifixions." Cicero has a very good observation concerning him: "That by reason of the odiousness of his office, he was particularly forbid by the laws to have his dwelling within the city." Spelman in his *Glossary*, tells us, "Under our Danish kings, the Carnifex was an officer of great dignity; being ranked with the Archbishop of York, Earl Goodwin, and the Lord Steward."

Sir William Segar, Garter King at Arms, was imposed upon by Brook, a Herald, who procured him by artifice to confirm arms to Gregory Brandon, who was found to be common-hangman

of London.—*Antis's Register of the Garter*. And from him probably (says Butler) the hangman was called Gregory for some time. The name of Dun which succeeded that of Gregory, is mentioned by Cotton, *Virgil Travestie*, published 1640; and was continued to these *Finishers of the Law* (as they have sometimes affected to style themselves, and *Squires* by their office, from the confirmation I suppose,) (says Butler, of Gregory Brandon's arms) twelve years longer; when one Jack Ketch was advanced to that office, who has left his name to his successors ever since.

Montraye in his *Travels*, says "The executioner of Stockholm was condemned to that office at ten years old, for cutting off the head of another boy at play."

"I cannot really say (says Butler) whence that sum (thirteen-pence halfpenny) was called Hangman's Wages, unless in allusion to the *Halifax Law*, or the customary Law of the Forest of Hardwick, by which every felon, taken within the Liberty or Precincts of the said Forest with goods stolen to the value of thirteen-pence halfpenny, should after three market days in the town of Halifax, after his apprehension and condemnation, be taken to a gibbet there, and have his head cut off from his body."

P. T. W.

A CERTAIN lodging-house was very much infested by vermin—a gentleman who slept there one night, told the landlady so in the morning, when she said, "La, Sir, we haven't a single bug in the house." "No, ma'am," said he, "they're all married and have large families too."

M. L. E.

Many readers will be surprised to hear that the following verse, which with a very trifling alteration has appeared in so many recent publications, is more than 130 years old:

SNOW.

THOSE envious flakes came down in haste

To prove her breast less fair,
Grieving to see themselves surpast,
Dissolv'd into a tear.

G. F.

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